THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."
- Natiah 66:13.

You take the finest woman, with th' roses in her cheeks. An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks;

Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold— An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n

half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies-The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her in-Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones

In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,

But still there is a beauty that was sure-A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all

but glorifies-Th' motherlook that some time comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile, exactly-yet it's brimmin' full o' joy, An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends

above her boy Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams told in its face;

She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she lif's it to its place, It leads all th' expressions, whether grave,

or gay, or wise— Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint. make it still be human-an' they'd

There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul. No one can paint the glory comin' straight

have to blend the whole.

from paradise— motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

-Chicago Daily Tribune.

********* Bearding a Lion

HARRY L. BAKER *******

66 THROW up your hands; up with And there you are, my fine bird; caught boy and nurse him to health, and when as quick as a wink, and you didn't get they reached the station a stranger with to use that cannon after all."

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from behind as he cleaned his rifle. brought home dead. Hatfield was a moonshiner whose family before him had grown their rest beside his brother, martyrs to their known here, so we have adoptcorn and made their whisky un- country's cause. And now that country interruptedly for years until the reve- for which he would have died, that counnue law came into force and the hills of try which he called home, had taken his east Kentucky afterward were frequently | boys, and was now stealing his liberty. stained with the blood of some limb of Can it be wondered that a feeling of rethe law whose foolhardiness or sense of sentment surged over him and he duty led him into the range of the moon- clinched his teeth and his breath came shiner's rifle, or some equally unfortu- fast and hot. nate maker of illicit liquor, who was They started on their way to the town snuffed out by the steady aim of an offi- below. "No, you can't go there," was the on the alert, fingers itching on triggers, have some of your crowd there, and we other year in and year out. Each, ever eyes furtively peering at every tree, ears ain't particularly anxious to meet them." and nostrils distended at every sound. And they rode on and saw the dying rays unhappy cause of many mountain trage- cross and then home was shut from view. standing, or maybe his reputation as a rang sharp and clear, its echoes vibratdread in the hearts of the revenues, for captors bit the dust. Before the other he had sworn to kill on sight the first one | could have time to act the unseen hand domain. Be that as it may, on this day had again found a victim waiting, and tured, hands down, without firing a shot. appeared dragging the gun which the offi-



HE WAS SURPRISED AND CAPTURED.

reaching half way to his waist. The picture of a long term in prison was before him. He looked over his hilly little farm, where he had eked out an existence ever since he had won pretty Jane Larkins for his wife 30 years ago. He could see the top of the little cabin built by his own hands from native oaks, rearing up over the crest of the hill, the smoke curling upward from the rear "chinked and dobbed" chimney. The sun was sinking behind Green Brier mountain, throwing into cakes and loaves. a blood-red glow on the autumn foliage, and the haze of a mountain evening hung over the valley.

A tear trickled down his weathered cheek, but he brushed it aside and straightened up like a lion at bay.

Meanwhile the officers were preparing to return with their quary to the town

below-and the prison.

He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, and he could only gulp. Why had these strange men whom he had never harmed, or even met before, come to his happy little home, where he none? He had to live-the price of corn was down, in fact there was no market for it. He could raise nothing else upon the barren soil. He grew his own corn, he made his own liquor from that corn and sold it; where was the harm? The mortgage on the little place would soon fall due, and he would be in prison and could not pay it. And the little, hardworking woman that he had called wife,

what would she do? And the mounds under the big old trees over which he had raised rude crosses, where she had placed fresh flowers every day over the graves of her sons-their sons. Had they not been first to answer the call of McKinley for troops to back the nation in her fight for humnaity and vengeance for the Maine? They had marched boldly away to the little town at the foot of the hill and enlisted. And how proud he had Necessary now to Benefit been of them; his two boys; big fellows they were, each more than six feet tall, and mere boys. How he admired them in the common homespun clothing, their muscular, well-built frames looming up among the city fellows. And how he and Jane had gone all the way to Charleston, using up quite a little bit of their savings, just to see them as they embarked for Cuba. How he had found a place in a big doorway and they strained their eyes for the coming of the soldier boys. Away off down the street a band was playing, coming closer, and that tune "Divie" dear ing closer, and that tune, "Dixie," dear old "Dixie," that he had marched to 30 years ago, when the brothers of the south rose in defense of their rights and fought the soldiers of the north, only to be overpowered. And now they can see a blue line swinging down

the street. The band has changed to "Yankee Doodle;" flags are flying, handkerchiefs are waving, the crowds are shouting, and directly he sees them, dressed in their uniforms, marching with the rest, and the little, wrinkled woman at his side had cried as they turned toward the little mountain hut that they called home. The first time since the ers. but by the extraordinary boys were born that they had gone home without them. He thought of it all now, and how, after weeks of anxious waiting for news, he

received a letter saying that John was coming home. Not coming, but being sent, in a coffin with a ragged hole in his breast where a Spanish ball had vented its spite on the nation that came between it and its prey. How he again went to Charleston, this time sad and alone, and brought back the boy who had been his idol-dead. They had buried him under that tree, the mother had cried a little, new lines came to her face and she had ceased to sing. After awhile he got another letter from Bill. Bill said that them, I say, or I'll let daylight he was discharged and coming home very through you. There, you. Hold still ill. And how they had gone for the third now, till I put the darbies on him. time to Charleston to bring back their a beard, who looked like a doctor, took The man addressed only answered with him to one side and told him that Bill an oath. He had been caught napping had died on the train and was being in Cincinnati.

They had taken Bill and laid him to

cer's gun. And so they have fought each reply given when he had asked to be al- factory cost and less. to say good-by to his wife. "Might Verily the revenue laws have been the of the autumn sun lighting on the little Bring your musical friend dies. Hatfield had never been bothered, He bowed his head to the inevitable and with you. Examine your perhaps because he had more friends in rode along in silence. Suddenly a shot neighbor's Piano, ask them sure shot had engendered a wholesome ing on the mountain side, and one of his the price they paid, and then he found prowling round his mountain had again pressed the trigger and death and get price. You will in October he had been surprised and cap- from behind a boulder the little woman He bowed his head, his scraggy beard cers in their haste had left behind, still smoking. She came forward without speaking, freed his hands, and turned the horse loose to find its way back to the stable.

"Supper's most ready, Tom," she said, and they turned their faces homeward leaving the stars shining down on two forms that would never move again. for a few days. Away off in the distance a dog barked, a whip-poor-will plaintively called, and the moon showed over the hill tops, gilding the weather-beaten hut. From the windows a cheerful light shone; inside GOODLOE'S OLD STAND the old man and his wife ate their scanty meal in silence.

FROM WHEAT FIELD TO OVEN.

Several Loaves of Bread Are Ready Thirty Minutes After the Grain Is Cut.

A loaf of bread, the result of a recordmaking experiment at Blockley, in Worcestershire, England, was recently exhibited in London.

At 8:30 one morning Messrs. Taylor & Sons, of the Sheaf House farm, started to cut a field of wheat. As fast as the sheaves were cut they were carried away to the granary and there

thrashed and winnowed. These operations took six and a half minutes. Thence the wheat was taken to the mill of J. H. Painton, and there ground and dressed in five and a half minutes. At the adjacent bakehouse the flour was made into dough and molded

Seven small loaves were taken from the oven at nine o'clock-30 minutes from the time the wheat was standing uncut. The larger loaves were finished

in 40 minutes. One was sent to the king, and others presented to Lady Norwich and Lord Redesdale,

Date of Columbus' Birth, A new book by Henry Vignaud, secretary of the United States embassy at Paris, seeking to establish the date of Columbus' birth, will soon be pubhad lived, fearing God, with malice to lished. The work is a further development of Mr. Vignaud's Columbian revarying from 1430 to 1458. Mr. Vignaud has gathered data leading to the conclusion that the great navigator was born in 1451. He was, consequently, a young man when he discovered

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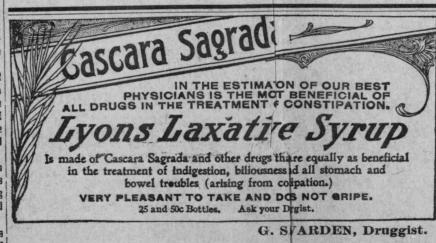
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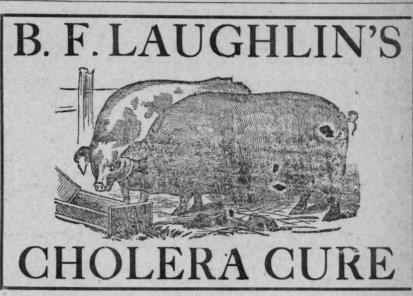


Oplum, Laudanum, Cocaine at all Drug Habits searches. Hitherto the date of the birth of Columbus has been doubtful, varying from 1430 to 1458. Mr. Vig-

prepared by an eminent physician.

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